

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

THE CASUALTY LISTS

America Can Feel More Than Sorrow and More Than Pride at the News of Its Loss in France

HERE and there you can still find persons who speak of war as if it were glorious. That is because the war has for them a quality of unreality.

And now, through the lengthening casualty lists, the war has struck at the heart of Philadelphia. It is spreading sorrow in countless Pennsylvania towns.

The mothers of the men whose names are on the casualty lists will not think of war as a glorious thing. They will feel in their hearts that it is unbelievably cruel, inexplicable and strange.

For innumerable persons there will be shocks in the new lists of dead and wounded. War is just revealing itself to such as these. They will remember intimately the men who have given up their lives.

The news of our losses will harden the resolution of the nation. But it should do far more than that. It should aid to self-revelation and to self-knowledge.

The nation at large should be wiser hereafter and stronger. We have nothing to regret, no reason to feel that these men could be saved.

The force of our latest drives must indicate to the Kaiser that there are some Americans with very pressing engagements in France.

BACK TO THE LAND

THOSE who love to toy with theories and the like have begun to wonder about the ultimate result of a universal increase in the cost of transportation.

Now, walking takes a lot of time if one has to walk far. Industries are conducted on the theory of quick transportation.

Uncle Sam is rightly confident that the new ships which China is building for him will not be of the junk type.

THE TIGER

THE new vote of confidence that has been accorded Georges Clemenceau in the Chamber of Deputies is gratifying evidence that France's political machine has been as resolute and unswerving as her dauntless military engine.

It is hard to realize that the great statesman, who has put an end to the monthly or quarterly procession of Premiers and the once frequent mercurial political upheavals of his nation, is a veteran of seventy-seven years.

Reduced to its simplest terms, Germany's failure to take Paris, or even any longer to threaten it, means that Germany has lost the war.

fits this superb knight of democracy, in whose breast the fire of freedom burns with youthful vigor.

It is incontestable that France owes more to his untiringly heroic energies than to any other statesman since Gambetta.

Considering the tremendous difficulties involved in our bridging of the Marne, the little job yet to be performed between Camden and Philadelphia ought to be comparatively simple.

COURTESY ON THE RAILROADS

THE ancient disposition of one class of Government employees to regard courtesy as a negligible factor in the day's work seems to have afflicted some of the railroad operatives at the instant when they found themselves under Federal control.

Courtesy makes life easier. Private ownership recognized this rule, and it recognized, too, the propriety and wisdom of meeting its public in a helpful and cheerful mood.

Colleges in the country are looking forward to a vastly reduced enrollment for the coming term. This, while deplorable, is unavoidable. But there are compensations.

U-Boat Fugit Captain Bay-Ed declares that the Kaiser's U-boats "can't" waste time hanging about for American transports.

Apropos of the new revenue bill, Chairman Kitchin, of the Ways and Means Committee, confesses that his estimate of two billions of taxes is "rough."

The food shortage in Austria may be fully realized from the comment of a Swiss observer, who asserts that "there is no leather to be had."

"Perfect thirty-sixes" seem also to be wanted for the army.

HIGH ADVENTURE

IN READING the stories of the air which have wittily been entitled "Plane Tales from the Skies" one sometimes has an uneasy feeling that the aviators are trying to tell us of sensations and satisfactions that can hardly be described.

CAPTAIN JAMES NORMAN HALL, in his delightful volume "High Adventure," tells us much of the flying man's joys and problems as any aviator has done; but he, too, admits that he has no language that satisfies himself.

CAPTAIN HALL, one hopes, will be one of those whose pens will remain enlisted in the service of aerial literature. His book has all the humor, the fine simplicity, the self-forgetful modesty that we would expect in the author of "Kitchener's Mob."

There is a singular fascination in all these books of the air, a quality of humor and exhilaration that seems native to those who ride their cunning chargers over the abysses of empty space.

"In case any pilot objects to attacking the observers with machine-gun fire he is to strew their parachutes with autumn leaves and such field flowers as the season affords."

AGAIN, Hall describes what he and a comrade saw in a French cellar one moon-ry night last autumn when boche air raiders were expected.

A woman was sitting on a cot bed with her arms around two little children; they were snuggled up against her and both fast asleep; but she was sitting very erect, in a strained, listening attitude, staring straight before her.

And he adds, with an honorable satisfaction, that his own work consists in fighting equally armed adversaries in a land of peace.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Chestnut Street From Our Fire Escape JUST outside our office window is a fire-escape with a little iron balcony. On warm days, when the tall windows are wide open, that rather slender platform is our favorite vantage ground for watching Chestnut street.

But we can tell a good deal of what is going on along Chestnut street without leaving our desk. Chestnut street sings a music of its own. Its genial human sympathy could never be mistaken for that of any other highway.

EVERY street has its own distinctive noises and the attentive ear accustoms itself to them until they become almost a part of the day's enjoyment.

BUT what we started to talk about was the balcony, from which we can get a long view of Chestnut street all the way from Broad street almost to the river.

GAZING from our little balcony the eye travels along the uneven profile of the northern flank of Chestnut street. From the Wanamaker wireless past the pale, graceful minaret of the Federal Reserve Bank, the skyline drops down to the Federal Building which, standing back from the street, leaves a gap in the view.

AFTER reaching Seventh street, Chestnut becomes less adventurous. Perhaps awed by the simple and stately beauty of Independence Hall and its neighbors, it restrains itself from any further originality until Fourth street, where the ornate Gothic of the Provident claims the eye.

Lights indeed this evening in a thousand spots where till the year of the great war the city would have been dark and deserted—lights from long rows of office windows where a few months ago were the tall, dark elms and maples of parks and pleasure grounds.

As we dip further into the valley toward the Potomac bridge the acres of blue-mercury lamps in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing grow almost to dazzling for comfort, but we can still see behind and above them the tall and majestic obelisk through which the nation was inspired to do honor to the memory of George Washington.

FOR, despite the cheap sneer that the Victorian taste of Arnold Bennett directed against the Washington Monument, that old shaft remains for daring—the supreme daring of absolute simplicity—the finest memorial effort of the modern world for any of its great dead.

THE part of Chestnut street that is surveyed by our balcony is a delightful highway: friendly pleasantly dignified, with just a touch of old-fashioned manners and homeliness. It is rather akin to a London street. And best of all, almost underneath our balcony is a little luncheon where you can get custard ice cream with honey poured over it, and we think it is the best thing in the world.

Hog Island, So Styled

THE most perilous episode in the history of Hog Island was in 1655, when a Swedish surveyor (Lindstrom) tried to give it the name of "Kaiser Island," or "Island of Emperors."

And now Hog Island's first ship is to be called the Quistconck. Good luck to her!

Now that so many German notables have fled to Switzerland, would it be permitted to say that Kaiser's desire is a sinking ship?

CLANK!



WALKING INTO WASHINGTON

By Roy Helton

WALKING northward toward evening over the new Alexandria road, one makes a dramatic descent into the loveliest city in all the western world.

THE road dips a little—the towers of Arlington are half sunk behind the cemetery hill on which the new amphitheatre of white marble blooms. The lights are on down in the valley, though one may still see the graceful domes and spreading wings of the Capitol, clear but nearly blue in the thin evening haze that has fallen over the city.

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paint, render it unique among the tall buildings of the world. It is a somewhat sad reflection on the achievements of American art that the development of any national feeling in matters of taste and beauty has so sadly lagged behind our power to express taste and beauty in concrete, steel or stone.

The buildings we are now creating will endure for many hundred years. They will be our landmarks for posterity and are now our permanent greeting to the rest of the world today and tomorrow.

OUR building sciences are American, our energy is American, our power to create, to achieve dauntlessly Panama Canals, Woolworth towers, undeterred by any failure of the past is surely, wholly American. But we shall never be a great people until our art, our architecture, our sense of the beautiful is also wholly our own.

Perhaps the most significant example and surely the most tragic in the history of American art of the failure of great artists to sense in any fashion the ideals of America is the new Lincoln Memorial in the city of Washington.

For the Lincoln Memorial is a remarkable building, beautifully planned, located with mastery art, a delight to the eye, if anything a bit over artful in curve of line, in the elimination of hardness, but alas! a thing surely and pitifully wrong and false as our country's great tribute to our country's finest man.

HERE at the end of a triumphant century all we have to offer this man, and to present at the supreme opportunity, is copy work, skilled stonemason craftsmanship, reproductions from Doric Greek temples built thousands of years ago by the people of a small Mediterranean city whose freemen numbered 20,000 souls.

What has Lincoln to do with their Parthenon? Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the State of Kentucky and lived and died on the soil of America. He was less influenced by European thought or by Doric tradition than any great statesman that ever lived. Yet we Americans in a moment of colossal stupidity have allowed the memory of this man who showed us what American soil could do with American blood to be entangled in the academic traditions of conventional art.

PERHAPS it is not without significance that of the States whose names are deeply cut into the marble above the entrance way of the great memorial the States of Lincoln's birth and of his manhood are around somewhere to the side, while centered over the doorway on a particularly white slab of yule marble is the name of Massachusetts. I do not regret that the State intellectual should be so honored—yet one wonders why. Surely the birthplace of this man somehow deserves

CORN

INJUNS grewed it before we come. Fattenin' up in the fall of the year 'Gainst the winter of snow and cold On the succulent milk of the roastsin' ear.

When ripened at the harvest-time They cracked the grains in a bowl of wood. Inventin' hominy for us to use, An' givin' the world another food.

The yellor meal, like flour of gold, Is a product rich and rare— Nothin' like the light corn bread To fill out a bill o' fare.

I love to see the tassels bloom In armies over the field, And know that every acre adds Sixty bushels to the yield!

—Don C. Seitz, In "Farm Voices."

READER'S VIEWPOINT

In Defense of Labor

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—In yesterday's paper there appeared an ad asking mechanics to stick to their jobs and claiming that the discontent of labor and its shifting around is due to Hun propaganda. However, we have the statement of the war labor board in Washington that the remedy for this condition is to be found only in the standardization of wages.

Not only would this stabilize the labor market, but the production of war material would increase at least 40 per cent. You cannot blame a skilled man, with the cost of living continually mounting, for trying to improve his condition.

Philadelphia, August 1. A MECHANIC.

Destructive Dog Days

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The other day a citizen wrote you a letter which you published under the title "Do Dogs Eat Cucumbers?" He seemed to think it foolish to suspect dogs of robbing our gardens.

An enemy alien dog came from a farm above us and ate all the ripe grapes day after day. He stood up so as to reach the highest (for feet) bunches. I saw him. My wife saw him. We did not want to shoot him or have the enmity of our German neighbors, so we only protested. HOWARD BREED, Center Square, Pa., August 1.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who is General Deputouet? 2. Where is Haran? 3. What is the French national anthem? 4. What is meant by "the lion's share"? 5. What is the capital of Persia? 6. Who is Major General James G. Harbord? 7. What is the "Mathematical doctrine"? 8. Which is the "City of Brotherly Love"? 9. What is the legend of Mahomet's coffin? 10. Who said, "Corollia is to Shakespeare as a clipped hedge is to a forest"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. General von Sodenroff is generally credited with being the active chief of the German general staff, although his appointment has never been confirmed officially. 2. "Dizez" is a sobriquet of Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881), Earl of Beaconsfield and Premier of Great Britain. 3. Major General Omar Bundy is in command of United States troops in the Marne salient. He has just been named commander of the newly formed American corps. 4. "King Solomon's Mines" is a romance of the Rider Haggard. 5. Chalons, an important French city near the Marne, the intersection point of several railways; about thirty miles southeast of Rheims. 6. Atlanta is the capital and largest city of Georgia. 7. Pieterfontein: the flowering capital of the Transvaal, usually in the sense of numerical superiority. 8. Budget system: a form of governmental accounting system, in which the government's revenues are systematically calculated and the amount of funds devoted to the government's various activities, in which funds are appropriated and expenditures made, is determined. 9. M. A. Ruman is the ex-administrator of the United States fuel administration. 10. "The Lion and the Lamb" is a story by...